VOL. XV. 行發日一月十年八正大 (行發日一回一月每) 可認物便郵種三第日八月七年八十三治明 No. 10.

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I. Yamagata.

True Yoke-fellows.
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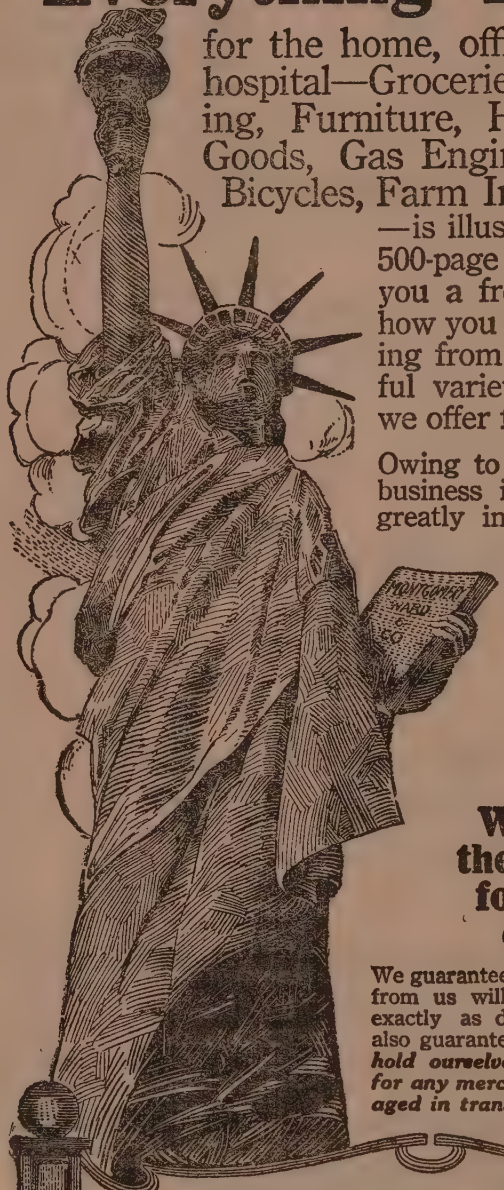

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ADMIRAL BARON SAITO

The new Governor-General of Korea.

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

VOL. XV. OCTOBER 1919 No. 10

Baron Saito, the New Governor-General of Chosen.

BY MR. I. YAMAGATA.

Admiral Baron Makoto Saito, the new Governor-General of Chosen, was born on October 27, 1858, at the small town of Midzusawa in the north-eastern part of Japan. He was the eldest son of Mr. Kohei Saito, a *samurai* of the great clan of Sendai. It is a remarkable fact that his native town was also the birthplace of another great statesman of modern Japan, Baron Shimpei Goto, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the late Cabinet under Count Terauchi. It seems that in their boyhood both suffered hardships and privations, for they had to earn a meagre living by serving as pages in the local government office. By their intelligence and faithful service, they soon distinguished themselves and gained the patronage of some influential men. They were sent at their expense to Tokyo to prosecute their studies and carve out for themselves great and useful careers.

Young Saito entered, in 1872, the Kaigun Heigakuryo, the predecessor of the present Naval College on the little island of Etajima in the Inland Sea. Six years later he graduated from the school with distinction and was appointed second Sub-Lieutenant. From that time the future Governor-General was for many years in the service of the Imperial Navy. In 1884 he was a Sub-Lieutenant and was sent to Washington as Naval Attaché to the Japanese Legation there. He remained in Washington for four years and then was recalled to be attached to the Naval Staff Board as Lieutenant. Afterwards he was successively made Staff Officer of the Standing Squadron and acting Commander of the gunboat *Takao*. At the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war, he held the post of Naval Aide de-camp to the Emperor, but was appointed Chief Staff Officer of the Standing Squadron and rendered distinguished service, being decorated with the Fourth class of the Order of the Golden Kite at the close of the war. He was Commander in 1878 and visited England that year to bring home the battleship *Fuji*. Next year he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and after some time of service at sea was appointed Vice-Minister of the Navy. He was made Rear Admiral in 1900, and Vice-Admiral in 1904. In January, 1906, he was appointed Minister of the Navy, and in April of that year, besides being created a Baron, he had conferred upon him the Second Class of the order of the Golden Kite as well as the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun in recognition of the meritorious services he rendered during the Russo-Japanese War. He held the post of the Minister of the Navy for nine years, meanwhile being promoted to full Admiral, and retired from the office five years ago. On

August 12 last, he was appointed Governor-General of Chosen. He married Miss Haruko Nire, eldest daughter of Admiral Viscount Kagenori Nire, founder of the Imperial Japanese Navy. They have not been blessed with children and have an adopted son.

In spite of his being a naval officer Baron Saito is a democrat with a most charming personality. His Excellency is a very broad-minded statesman with liberal ideas. He is an attentive student of world politics and has the world situation at his fingers' ends. His memory is wonderful. A friend of mine, who is a newspaper correspondent, met him on a few occasions nearly twenty years ago when he was Vice-Minister of the Navy. After the lapse of so many years, during which time my friend did not see him at all, the Governor-General still remembered him and his name when he called on him to pay his respects on arrival in Seoul.

Baron Saito is an indefatigable worker and first-rate administrator. Open-hearted, magnanimous and brave to a fault, he is one of the greatest statesmen modern Japan has produced. The other day the writer ventured to ask him whether he received the appointment as Governor-General of Chosen as a sailor or a civilian. In reply he stated that he was led to understand that the appointment was given him as a civilian and as such he accepted it. It is really fortunate that Chosen has such a ruler, who has come with the determination of carrying out a very liberal and benevolent administrative policy.

As a private man, Baron Saito is a kind-hearted gentleman and a generous friend, leading a simple and pure life. He speaks excellent English and has good taste and culture. Baroness Saito is a charming lady, modest in behaviour and loving in disposition, a typical Japanese lady of the higher classes.

A Korean Missionary Society.

By Miss Margaret Best.

The world of hard facts in which the Korean woman finds herself as soon as she arrives at an age of perception is no doubt responsible for the practical turn of mind which is characteristic of her class. Even the years of youth hold few illusions for her and as time passes day-dreams, if she ever found an hour to indulge in them, are crowded out by the insistent demands of the patriarchal form of family life into which she was born and in which she serves a long apprenticeship as the servitor and attendant upon her seniors in the family.

The compensations of such a life are not a few. Among them is the development of a power of adaptation to people around her and a skill in reading character, both of which are necessary if she is to hold her own in a system where the weak and characterless have little consideration shown them. Equipped with these powers this Korean woman has a practical start, and some of them show quite decided ability not only in looking well to the way of their households, but also in managing their small business concerns.

It has been matters of surprise to many people that the women of our Missionary Societies are so capable in conducting the business of their societies. The Korean woman as a rule is nothing if not practical in her outlook and this, together with her strong evangelistic spirit, is the explanation of the success in this endeavor, despite her lack of training and education in the popular sense of the terms.

The women of six Presbyterian churches in Pyeng Yang have been united in one society for a number of years under the leadership of the woman who was the first woman to receive baptism in that city. She has been a wise leader, guiding with a firm but gentle hand. Her able assistant, the vice chairman of the society and chairman of the Evangelistic Com-

mittee is a woman of tact and good judgment. The treasurer also is a very capable and strong woman. Under the leadership of these women and with a good Central Committee the society has proved itself a not inconsiderable factor among the evangelizing agencies at work in the Pyeng Yang field.

They employ eight women and send them out two by two to villages and districts where there are no churches. Four of these women are engaged in preaching and teaching all the time. The other four women are sent out on special trips, one trip perhaps lasting three or four months.

The Evangelistic Committee of the Society keeps in touch with the needs of the whole field and, after consultation with Korean pastors and missionaries in charge of the various circuits, they decide upon the itineraries of the women. Of late years they have felt it wise that the Evangelists should do more intensive work, and whenever and wherever an opening presented itself they have sent sometimes two women, sometimes only one, to a village with instructions to make headquarters there and work among the village people and in surrounding neighborhoods until a small group of believers is formed who want a meeting place for worship and Bible study established. Last year one of the Evangelists had the joy of seeing such a happy outcome of her labors. She reported the situation to the society in Pyeng Yang. The Evangelistic Committee at once consulted with the pastor in charge of the district in which the village is situated and advised with some of the Korean pastors of the city with the result that the plan was made to send a man Evangelist to the place to lead services for the little group of believers and to help the missionary pastor in organizing a church. The society paid the salary of this Evangelist and also kept the woman Evangelist for several more months to work in the district. The new church at Nyang San will always have the interest and prayers of the Pyeng Yang Christian Women.

One other church recently organized in our territory owes its beginnings largely to the faithful work of another of the women sent out by the Missionary Society. It is not far from Pyeng Yang and the women of the Society keep in close touch with it, rejoicing in its growth, knowing its individual members by name, and remembering them in prayer.

A year ago a call came through a Christian itinerant merchant of Pyeng Yang from a mountain group in the far north asking the society to send a woman to teach them. They had heard the Gospel for the first time from the itinerant merchant, but his business called him to other fields and having heard from him something of what the Pyeng Yang Christian women were doing in sending the Gospel to these sisters, they commissioned him to have the Society send some one to their far-off village. The Society was much interested and would have sent two women at once, but as the place in question belonged to another station of the mission, it was necessary to consult with that station. These preliminaries having been satisfactiorily arranged, it was decided to send two women to the place for three months work. The evangelists traveled by train and by foot nearly a week in the coldest weather of a very cold winter. They found the people very receptive and very eager for instruction in the Bible. After three months of visiting and talking and praying with the people and teaching the Bible to those who would come for study they returned to Pyeng Yang, leaving a small group of twenty men and women who said they wanted to believe. During the stay of the two evangelists in the village the missionary in charge of the district paid his first visit to the little group and made arrangements for the circuit helpers to give oversight and assistance to them. The small group of men and women to whom the two evangelists gave their first instruction in Christian truth became the nucleus of another center of light in the midst of lonely mountain folk.

The Evangelists employed by the Society are women of mature years, otherwise the social customs of the land would not per-

mit of their traveling unattended to all parts of the country.

The officers of the Society show wisdom in selecting women of consecration, possessing a sincere love for souls, knowledge of the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and a spirit self-sacrificing enough to endure the hardships of travel in all kinds of weather, living in discomfort and meeting with rebuff, scorn, and sometimes persecution. They receive as salary ten yen a month during the time they are working, and from this sum they pay all their expenses. With the high cost of living affecting even the most primitive conditions of life it will be necessary to increase this small salary, or the women will not be able to meet expenses, much less have anything left to use during the months they are not working.

The finances of the Society never reach low ebb. Each year the women manage to close accounts with a balance of nearly three hundred yen to their credit. They do not seem yet to have learned the advantage of closing the year with a deficit as some much more pretentions institutions have found. The money is raised not by public subscription but by pledges secured from individual members in each of the six churches by the Finance Committee's representative from each church. There is never any public appeal for money although the women of the churches have quarterly meetings held by turn in each church, at which appeals might easily be made. The public meetings of the Society are made the occasion for presenting the opportunities for work and hearing reports of what is being done, and the finances seem to take care of themselves.

The Society has several fields which will yield some income when they come fully into their possession. One field has been given by a widow who was one of the first evangelists employed by the Society. She gave faithful service for many years but is now too infirm to bear the hardships of such work. The fields furnish her living at present, and she is happy in the thought that in years to come they will be of use in carrying on a part of the work for which she has given so many years of her life. Another field was given last year shortly before her death by a rich member of the Society to be used in the work of sending the Gospel to unbelievers. There has been some litigation over it, which recently was settled in favor of the Society. The woman's relatives are not Christians and the women of the Society are much interested in them and are hoping, praying and working that they may be brought to desire for themselves the blessings of the Gospel that their relative esteemed so highly.

The vision of the women is not confined to their own country. The first woman missionary sent to the Island of Quelpart went out from them. A year ago one of their number went as the wife of a missionary to the Korean Mission in Shantung, China. Last year a call came from the Korean missionary pastor in Vladivostok for the Society to send a woman to work among the Koreans of that place. The women were eager to respond to the call and would have bent every energy to finding a suitable woman to send and providing the necessary expenses, but disturbed conditions in Vladivostok made the undertaking inadvisable. Korea's Christian women have caught the vision of Service. They bring to the task a faith that does not hesitate to undertake what seem to them great things, practical energy and common sense and above all an appreciation of what the Gospel has meant in their own lives and therefore a great desire to bring Gospel blessings into other lives.

True Yoke-fellows.

By Mrs. Cyril Ross, L. D.

Nine years ago Miss Samuel and two Bible women were holding a class at Tungju, south of Syenchun. There had been some lack of harmony between the two Bible women and at this time they got together one night and prayed and became reconciled. They were so happy they could hardly wait until morning to tell Miss Samuel about it. They felt they had received a great blessing and, going forth to do the Lord's work they, in the love and joy that filled their hearts, became a blessing to the people of Tungju.

Unbelieving women came from the surrounding farms and villages to the evening meetings held, in connection with the class and many decided to accept Christ.

In the division of the women into classes, Kimsi Sinil, one of the Bible Women, was given the new believers to teach. There were one hundred and fifty women and girls in her class and as she taught them and saw them listening to the story of their Savior's death as eagerly as hungry men take food, her heart was stirred within her. They were so ignorant and weak, what would become of them after the class closed and they were left without special teaching and guidance?

She said to the other Bible woman: "Let us get some-one to stay here and teach them." "How can we?" was the answer.

Sure enough how could they? But Kimsi Sinil is a woman who knows the power of prayer and she laid this before the Lord, beseeching Him four days to show them a way. She called the Christian women together and they tried to plan. They kept Miss Samuel away from their meetings, at which nothing was accomplished except confusion.

Then after four days Kimsi having slept only a little one night rose and went out under a cherry tree near the church and wrestled in prayer until morning. And when they met that evening the Lord was with them. Women took off and laid down their rings and their switches of hair, if they had no money, and in that one evening they raised ₩32.00 which they used in supporting, for a season, a teacher to stay in that district and care for the new believers.

These Tungju women formed themselves into a society, having at first twenty-three members, for this work but (as they say now) did not know it was a missionary society. They just called it a "religious society." From this beginning the good work has gone on until there are now ninety-eight women's missionary societies in Syenchun territory, (local societies) and they have also a union organization. When the women's work reached its height they were able to support four women and eight men who preached and taught in the dark corners of Korea and over in Manchuria. Also the societies always keep a reserve fund invested or loaned on interest, and they help toward the support of the missionaries to China. The societies are well organized and have presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers, and the meetings we have attended have been conducted in an orderly and dignified way.

One union meeting held at a County Bible Class, where thirteen societies reported and the three women preachers these societies had sent out spoke about their experiences, made one think of a Presbyterian Missionary meeting at home. It was there we heard a discussion as to whether they would take the money they had and send out two preachers the coming year and have a little left over or make an effort to raise more and send three. Enthusiastic ladies who wished to have three, and prudent ladies who feared to risk debt spoke in turn. Finally a plain little woman rose and said "We have just heard our preacher say she could hardly bear to leave those needy people even to come home to her friends. And Jesus may come soon and if we have any money saved when He comes it

wont do us any good then." Her speech decided them to make a big effort and send three preachers that year.

Although these women have learned a good deal about parliamentary proceedings they have not yet learned the methods of raising money which are employed in some parts of the world. Ice-cream socials, chicken suppers, bazaars, etc., are unknown but it is money they are after and their methods are direct and simple. There are dues, and fines and collections. After the devotional exercises and roll-call and reading of the minutes, they have sometimes been seen to spend most of the evening gathering heaps of small coins in their skirts and counting them.

Where do they get the money? In various ways and it usually means real sacrifice. The wife of one pastor (he is a rich man) dismissed their water carrier and took his task herself until she had saved ₩5.00 for the society.

A poor old woman gathers herbs from the hills and sells them. Another sells some of her scanty clothing. One woman went to the fields and, being unused to the work, received only half pay for weeding two days but earned 50 sen for her dues. One old lady wished to join but she had *nothing* to give. She bought ten sen worth of eggs and persuaded a kind neighbor to let her put five under her sitting hen. She reared the chicks and sold them for ₩1.25. She gave 50 sen to the society and had seventy five left to invest and make more for the next year.

The Second Chance School.

By Miss Ida Hankins.

There is a school in Songdo, Korea, in the Southern Methodist territory which has been called by some "The Second Chance School." Now those of you who have not heard of this school are wondering for whom it is a second chance. If you are good thinkers you know it must be for those who have missed a first chance, and those who have not had a first chance at an education in Korea are the girls who were married when they were quite young, say at eight or nine, and never had an opportunity to go to school. Did you ever come across one of these young married girls or widows in your itinerating? Have you heard one say "If I could only go to school!"

A number of years ago a Korean gentleman whom you all know, Mr. T. H. Yun, realized the need of this class of young girls and women in Korea and he spoke to Mrs. W. G. Cram about it and advised that someone start a Primary School with some industrial features with the object of educating these young women so that they would be able to go to the country villages to teach in the Primary Schools and at the same time do evanglistic work in the homes of the people. Mrs. Cram saw the opportunity and gathered around her a few married girls and widows and with the help of a Korean teacher, taught them daily in her own home.

After a few years the work grew so that it required the time of a single lady missionary and several Korean teachers and later a Japanese teacher was also employed. This school soon met with the need for which it was intended. Calls came in for young women who could go to the country to teach and to preach and these women could go when younger girls though High School graduates, because of the customs of the country, could not go.

However, those of you who are familiar with the educational work in Korea today know that a graduate of a Primary School would not be acceptable as a teacher even for a village school on account of her youth. So you may well ask "What can a graduate of this school do? Surely she cannot do much with only a primary education." With the many changes that have taken place throughout Korea within the last few years this school naturally under-

went changes too. The greatest change took place a year ago last April when it was incorporated as a part of the well known Holston Institute of which Miss Wagner is Principal.

The real name of this "Second Chance School" when it was first organized by Mrs. Cram was the "Mary Helm School for Married Girls and Widows" but since becoming a part of Holston Institute it is called "The Mary Helm Industrial Department of Holston Institute," and has been registered as such. Before answering the question "What can a graduate of this school do?" I would like to call your attention to the course of study. These young women are taught Bible, Chinese, Japanese, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Ethics singing, Drawing, Washing, Dyeing, Flower-making, Embrodery, Knitting and Crocheting.

When a young woman studies such a course for three years and has been given a certificate is she not better fitted to be a companion to her husband and a better and more useful member of her community? And if it is necessary for her to make her living she can teach in the industrial department of any private school in Korea whether Primary or High School. The objection has often been made that married girls if grown would be ashamed to study in a school with little children. This objection has been provided for. There are over a hundred little children in the Primary Department of Holston Institute but these married girls and widows though studying primary subjects do not have to study with them. They have separate buildings, and separate class rooms for their literary subjects and they study their industrial subjects with the High School students, so that they are never embarrassed while getting a chance at an education.

The hope is that this school will prove a benefit not only to Southern Methodist Koreans but to those of all denominations.

The Prince at Play.*

By Miss M. L. Guthappel.

The little prince was tired of everything one very warm day. All he wanted to do was to "watch that little American boy do the funny things he called playing."

The officials who surrounded the prince tried to dissuade him, but the prince said: "It's too hot to stay under the trees and just think how hot it is." "I've been learning every day and every day. I'm only a little boy, and I'll know too much by and by. All the knowing-place is tired out."

"The officials gravely shook their heads, but followed the boy as he slowly walked out into the sunshine and over to the wall separating the palace grounds from the home of the foreign missionary.

The officials wiped the perspiration from their brows tried to shield their faces from the burning sun,—but they followed. One man in particular, weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, Cho Sy-bang by name, was called by the prince "Cho hy-een" (servant Cho), for these men, the officials of the palace and body guard to the prince, were only his servants. Such they were called and so they expected to be treated. Cho hy-een was subject to weather conditions, particularly heat. He was not very tall, but he was stout, and as he waddled out into the hot sunshine his heavy bulky frame shivered with indignation and the perspiration oozed in great drops on his forehead and face, and Cho hy-een wondered whether his official position as body-guard of the little prince was worth what it cost him in physical suffering.

Meanwhile the little prince, with drooping eyes, tired, weary, and bored-looking, kicked his little toes against the stone wall, seemingly entirely unconscious of the hot sun. Just as

* Adapted by Miss Sue Hopkins from a chapter in "The Happiest Girl in Korea"

he was about to turn away because there was no small boy in that garden, a door opened and a boy full of life and vigour, about the same age as the little prince (then about eight), bounded out of the doorway, laughing, a cake in each hand, while his mother's Korean cook waved a floury hand at him, calling "Now that's the fourth cake this morning. If you come in here and take any more, I'll tell your mother." But the boy, true to the boyish impulse, only said, "Qan-ki-chan-so" ('Oh, never mind,') adding, "Mother won't care if I don't get sick."

Just as he took a generous bite from the second cake, the first one having disappeared as he talked, the boy caught sight of the little Prince and greeted him in the Korean language, boylike, with, "Oh! hello there, Prince, say, come on over; I'll give you one of Mother's cakes, they're fine," and the little Prince without waiting for permission, flew past his bodyguard, out of his gate, into the adjoining gate, and when he reached the American boy the latter had taken from his pocket a rather crumbled looking cake, and offered it to the prince, saying; "Say, old chappie, you don't mind if it's busted, do you? It is just as fresh as the one I'm eating. It just got broken in my pocket."

The little prince's face beamed; all the tried look vanished as he grasped the cake, saying to the missionary boy: "I don't know what you said,—all of it. I like the part of it you said 'Chappie," 'Chappie.' What's Chappie? I like chappie."

"Oh, do you?" said Holly speaking in Korean once more. "Well, then, that's your name, 'old man' in the future."

"Old man," said the prince musingly, "that's another English word. I know three now." Then counting on his fingers, he began: "I know p-l-a-y-i-n-g and c-h-a-p-p-i-e and o-l-d m-a-n. My! I'll soon know your language."

Holly grinned, but he answered, "All right, Chappie, can't you stay and play awhile? Come on down under the trees, it's hot here," and utterly regardless of the bodyguard standing near by, Holly in a white cotton suit, cool and comfortable looking, and the Prince clad in thin, brilliantly colored gauzy silk clothes trotted side by side through the garden toward an old elm that stood just inside the gate. The bodyguard followed. They stood at the wall and looked over to see what next the prince was going to do.

The tree reached, a bright idea struck Holly. "Now look here, Chappie," he said to the prince, "I'm going to *shinny* up that tree, I'll heat you to the top."

" 'S-h-i-n-n-y,' what's shinny?"

"Oh, I forgot, that's another American word,' said his host, "why, why—it means climb to the top of the tree."

"Oh, that'll be nice," said the prince; and as Holly leaped for a bough the prince grasped one on the other side, but got no further. Before he could raise his little foot, a murmur of fear ran through the group of attendants; as they gazed at the American boy mounting higher and higher, from one branch to the other, like a monkey.

"Oh," said the intepreter, "His Highness cannot do that," and catching the prince, he drew him away from the tree, saying, "That's only for the rough foreigners to do. A prince must not disgrace himself so. Come, Your Highness come home, it is better so."

Disgust, weariness and a bored expression chased each other over the face of the prince, then he did a very undignified thing; pushing the interpreter from him he started for the tree, only to be caught and restrained by another one of the bodyguard who murmured, "Oh he will be killed, and then we must all die."

"Hello there, Chappie, what are they doing down there to you? What's the matter? you're not afraid, are you?" this from half way up the tree, where Holly peacefully reposed on a swaying branch. The prince tried to answer, but looking around at his determined bodyguard he threw himself flat on the ground and roared out his disgust at being a Korean

prince with a bodyguard, instead of an American boy.

"Oh, say there, little prince, what's up? Don't you care if those fellows won't let you; we'll play something else. I'll come down."

At these words, the little prince raised himself up and called, "No, no, stay there, I like to play this" then thoughtfully, "I can't come up, they won't let me. That's because I am a prince and must have these men around all the time, but," with determination, "we'll keep on playing it. Wait a minute."

Then he rose to his feet, and assuming all the dignity he had learned in his eight short years of life, he turned to the men and said, "All right, I go not up the tree as does the boy from the other country, but we *play* this way still. Now you, hy-een Kim, follow that boy and climb that tree, and you," said he to the interpreter, "stand beneath the tree and if he falls down pick him up; then," went on the business-like talk of the little prince, "you and you," addressing two others, "climb up that tree after this man. Now don't be afraid, if you fall down, he'll pick you up." An exclamation from the dismayed bodyguard, a pleading protest or two, only served to make the boy more imperative. "Hush, you fellows. You stop my play, so you've got to play yourself. Get up that tree and get up quick."

As they started to obey, his eye caught sight of the man who was the least in favour of all his bodyguard, the perspiring two hundred and fifty pound Cho. "Now, you," he said, "you'll look nice up that tree. You like the shade and it's very shady up that tree; go, climb the tree at once."

"Now, look here, Your Highness," said the "Most Favorite" official interpreter, "come, this will never do. These men are not Americans, they cannot climb trees. Take back the command and come, let us go to the house."

"No, Kim," said the determined boy, "I never do anything like the other boys, just because I'm a prince. If I can't do it you people will have to." Then again he repeated his command to the trembling Cho and the other officials. Knowing pleas were useless, the three more slender officials painfully made their way part way up the tree, while the impish American boy urged them on with such sentences as "Come on up, its nicer here." "Now don't get on that limb; it will break." "Look out, the sunshine's on that one." "What's the matter, did you scratch your hand? Never mind a little thing like that, come on up."

All this time the little prince said not a word, but seemed to enjoy the efforts of the men to reach the place where the American boy sat. They were finally seated on branches about half-way up to the bough on which his host reposed, when he turned and caught sight of the trembling, perspiring Cho, scared to death, and mournfully holding on to the lowest branch just above his head.

"Now you, Cho, I see you're too fat, you can't get up. Here you," he called, "Sun hy-een, come down," this to the man seated on the lowest branch; "come down here and help get Cho up the tree; he's got to go."

Sung painfully made his way down, ruefully looked at his silken garments, both soiled and torn, almost too flowing a garment to climb trees with, and the baggy trousers had persisted on catching on every twig. Once more on the ground he and the interpreter tried to reason with the boy, but the boy was the 'prince' and only said "Get Cho into that tree and get him there quick," and with many painful contortions Cho was apparently pulled, and pushed, and lifted to the lowest branch of the tree five feet from the ground. "Higher yet," said the prince, "Hurry up."

"Oh, Your Highness" began the interpreter.

"Hush, Kim, pull him higher up; he'll have to been to p-l-a-y if he won't let me p-l-a-y," and the struggle went on.

Cho pulled himself upward while Kim pushed from below, and Sung, throwing one arm around a limb higher up, pulled and tugged. The officials on the other limbs held fearfully to the boughs upon which they sat. The tree creaked and groaned with the added weight. Holly who had originated the game of p-l-a-y,

stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth to keep from laughing outright, but the prince's face was very grave. If the weight of the nation had rested on his shoulders he could not have been more sedate.

After a mournful sigh by Cho, he was at last placed upon the next limb about eight feet from the ground, two arms around the trunk of the tree, hanging on for dear life, hat over one ear, face scratched where he came in contact with the trunk as he climbed, silken garments almost in ribbons, perspiration rolling in streams and gathering in folds of his neck. With him the game of play was not very popular. The picture was an interesting one: the host about twenty feet from the ground, choking with laughter, two disgusted-looking officials on the same side as himself ten and twelve feet from the ground, respectively; on the other side of the tree the battered Cho. Three feet higher up Sung held on with one hand and wiped the perspiration from his face with the other. Below stood the prince of Korea, with gaze fastened upward as if enraptured with the view of his entire bodyguard playing bird.

The interpreter looked alternately from his fellow-laborers over the wall to the palace door. "What if the Emperor or the mother of the prince should come out of that door ?"

Two women attendants of the prince were standing at the wall, holding on to each other, fearing they might be called on to follow suit in the p-l-a-y game.

The silence was broken by Holly who said, "Oh, say Chappie, I'm afraid these men will fall. Let them off; I'll come down and talk to you. It's most dinner time, anyhow."

"One minute," said the prince. "Cho, do you, like this p-l-a-y ?" "No, Your Highness," answered Cho.

"Cho, are you going to tell tales on me to my father and mother ?"

"Tales, Your Highness ?"

"Yes, Cho, tales. It's about all you've done since you've been with me."

"Oh, Your Highness," began Cho, and just then the breezes swept the boughs of the tree and the words died in a gurgle of fear in Cho's throat as he held tighter to the trunk of the tree.

"Cho," went on the boy, "if I ever ask you to p-l-a-y this way again, will you let me do some of the things I want to do ?"

"Oh, yes, Your Highness, everything," tearfully replied Cho.

"Well, then, Cho, you can come down, but don't you fall; you'll hurt yourself," and a satisfied gleam beamed in the boy's eye.

"Kim you'd better help Cho; he'll fall down. Oh, wait a minute, he will fall." This as the frantic efforts made by Cho and Kim only succeeded in sliding Cho dangerously near the outer edge of the limb, which groaned more than ever under his weight.

"Here, you two fellows, get down from your side." This to the men seated beneath the host on the right hand side of the tree. They descended at once. It took the combined efforts of the three men as well as that of the American boy, who, like á monkey, slid down in a moment's time and called out instructions as to how the stout man could be lifted to the ground. He reached the ground at last with his clothes in tatters, soaked in perspiration, his hands scratched, hat broken and down over one eye, and nose bleeding where it was skinned. After him came Sung and the tree was empty.

The boy surveyed the group of humble bodyguard officials, and then said; "Now Kim, you stay here with me, and the rest of you go over home and clear up, and remember, Cho, no more tales, or we'll p-l-a-y again." Then he watched as the delapidated looking officials, shaking their heads and rubbing bruises very gently, walked out the gate and through the palace gate to their home.

"Stand over there, Kim, I want to talk to this boy," and going out of earshot he said to his rather scared host, "I've had a mighty fine time this morning. Your p-l-a-y is great, but I must not do it again. I am going home now to be spanked for this. My mother will spank

me when she hears about it and I am going over to tell her right away to get it over. You know how that is, don't you boy?'

"Yes," thoughtfully replied Holly, "I know how it is; it's happened to me, but not for climbing trees. Sorry for you, Chappie. Say they did look funny, didn't they?" and again he laughed at the mental picture of the officials.

"Yes, they did look funny, but that's not it. I have had some excitement, something going on. I was just dying because there was nothing doing. Now something's been done and something more will be done when I get spanked; but say," and a wicked gleam of satisfaction glowed once more in his eyes, "Say, that Cho will let me p-l-a-y myself next time, I guess. I think he's had a lesson. Your cake was good, boy, your p-l-a-y was better. It's been a fine morning and it's worth being spanked for. Say," leaning once more close to the boy; "when you get born again, like we all have to do, don't get born a prince in a palace; get born just what you are, a boy of your country that can p-l-a-y all the time. I wish I was you, that's all; but it worth being spanked for. Be in peace until we meet again. Come Kim," he called, "I'm going over to get spanked, if mother has time now," and the the boy was gone. Head erect, silken garments flying, weariness all gone from the face which had on it an expression of perfect happiness.

"Gee," said the American boy left behind. "He's game, all right. Too bad he is a prince, guess I'll go to mother. I feel like kissing her because she let me be a boy—an American boy, and not the prince of Korea."

How The Members of My Bible Class Became Christians.

By Miss Bertha A. Smith.

Last Monday afternoon I invited my Sunday School class to a party. I wanted to help them study their review lesson, and to get acquainted with them. To accomplish the latter, I had each one to tell how she came to be a Christian, and, in order to have a good review lesson, I gave out copies of the questions with references showing where the answers might be found. We also studied a little together.

They were as much interested in each others' stories as I was. Perhaps you will be too. One had been inclined toward Christianity because her little daughter had attended school at Carolina Institute, Seoul, and had believed and been baptized. One, Baron Yun's daughter-in-law, had become a Christian while a student here, and two had been influenced by their husbands' families after their marriage. Only one had been brought up in the faith by her mother. One told how her son had believed and how she had persecuted him. He did not waver however, and provoked his mother greatly by singing the Christian hymns. One Saturday afternoon he persisted in singing so, to escape hearing, it she went to one of the neighbors' houses. Now, this particular neighbor was a strong Christian, so she preached her a good Gospel sermon. That night Mrs. E., the subject of this story, dreamed that she had dust heaped upon her back a foot thick, and that her Christian neighbor brushed it off. After the riddance she felt wonderfully light and clean and free. She interpreted her dream to mean that she would feel thus relieved and happy if she were to decide for Christ, and she determined to do so. She did not take time to eat her breakfast, but hurried off to Church. That was nine years ago. She was not disappointed in her expectations and has been a Christian ever since. The son is now a steward in Chong Kyo Church, and the whole family "believes." They do not live far from here

and every day I can hear mother and son and all mingle their voices together in their morning hymn of praise.

One woman said that she had a tubercular gland on her neck and a very painful swelling under her arm which rendered that member almost useless. When a Bible-woman came to exhort her to believe, she asked if believing would cure her disease. She had sacrificed much to the Evil One with no results, and was ready to try something new. The Bible-woman assured that she would be cured, so she gave in her name as a believer and began to attend church. When she saw that months of church-going did not work her cure, she complained to the Bible-woman who suggested that the fault was the lack of prayer. Consequently, from that time she prayed much, and very earnestly, but did not get well. On complaining a second time she was informed that she must read the Bible, so she learned to read, and carried out instructions. About this time she began to understand the sermons and enjoy the church services. As a new believer, she was urged to study the catechism, and prepare to be baptized, which she did. She was baptized in due course and it seemed to her that the suffering and death of Christ had been for her alone. She was greatly concerned about her sins, and the sins of others, and in praying for forgiveness and cleansing and for guidance in order to please Him who had died for her, she forgot to pray for healing. A great peace came into her heart, and joy such as she had never known, and before she fully realized it, her disease and suffering were gone. She made her living by keeping a wine-shop, and one day it occurred to her that it was wrong to sell that which caused others to sin. She remembered Jesus' words about those who cause others to stumble and gave up the evil business. In answer to her husband's question as to how they were to live she assured him that God who had commanded her to close the wine-shop would provide a way for them to live. This woman's name is Ham Esther, and she is probably the most deeply spiritual woman in Chong Kyo Church.

Another told how that after she had suffered for fifteen years from a diseased limb, and all hope of recovery was gone, she thought the end was near, so in order to save her soul she believed, having been persuaded by her mother and a friend who was a Bible-woman. That night she was able to sleep and the next day she could eat. Instead of going to heaven she began to get well. Her improvment was gradual. By Christmas of the third year after this she had not yet walked. That Christmas eve, her mother and the Bible-woman were going to the Christmas celebration together. Her husband was also going. It seemed so hard to have believed for three years and never to have attended a service, nor been inside the church. She wept bitterly, and her little son who had been born since her recovery began, was distressed and told his father that his mother was crying because she couldn't go to church. The next morning her disappointment had not decreased and when the others had gone to the Christmas service, she prayed, and God heard. She arose and pulled herself up by the door; she tried putting her weight on the lame limb; she went through the door and to the edge of the porch, holding to things and returned to her room again. When the others came home she told them what great things the Lord had done for her. Little by little she grew stronger, but the first time she tried to go to church, supported by her mother and the Bible-woman, her strength failed and she had to ride part of the way in a jinricksha. Now she is able to attend all the church services, and is full of gratitude to God who not only saved her soul, but also her body and gave her a son besides. She is, I am sure, the most diligent and interested Bible student in Chong Kyo Church.

The Work of a Women's Missionary Society.

By Mrs. C. T. Collyer.

When Dr. Bennett and Miss Head visited the Orient in 1916 they strongly advocated the establishment of Women's Missionary Societies in all of the Districts of the M. E. Church, South, and forthwith many were organized. However there is one Society that dates back earlier than this: The Bible Women of the Wonsan District, on December 20th 1913, following the impulse of the oldest woman among them, met together and organized a Missionary Society for the purpose of sending the gospel into the villages of their District by the lips of women whose salaries should be paid from their own funds and not with money sent out from America by the Woman's Council.

The original members of this Society were Bible Women who pledged themselves to give one twentieth of their salaries monthly and also other women of the Church who wanted to join and give 30 sen monthly. They chose as their President Kim Hannah, the oldest Bible Woman—the one who first conceived the idea of forming the Society. Pak Haysuk was the Secretary and Treasurer. They collected their dues monthly and deposited them in the Bank, though their meetings were held only once a year and in Wonsan.

In their meeting of 1915 they found that they had on hand ¥72 and they then and there, with Miss Cooper's hearty approval, appointed two women as their first missionaries. These two women had studied in the Alice Cobb Bible School. For two months each spring and fall, went into the neediest part of the District to preach the Gospel. They went out with joyful hearts and were constantly upheld in prayer by the members of this first Missionary Society. Though the same two women have not always gone out these labors have continued till the present time. At the last District Meeting the money on hand was tithed and 11 yen was sent to Africa to help in the work for women there.

In the fall of 1916 Societies were organized in all our Districts according to rules and regulations adopted for use in the Mission.

The Missionary Society Programs were prepared from the first by Miss Myers and Miss Tinsley. Because of their very heavy work and Miss Myers' approaching furlough, I was given that work for last year. I have used stories from Mexico, Brazil, China, India and Africa and have given a brief account of this year's Council Meeting, Missionary Education, and the Scarritt Bible and Training School. I have also given sketches of notable lives such as David Livingstone in his early years, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard and Booker Washington. There was one program on tithing and on that Sunday six women in Choong-ni Church pledged their tithe and are now waiting for the Church Officers to decide how it will be proportioned and used.

The Missionary Society is the only Society for women, and they are very enthusiastic in their work. In one country church a man, seeing their zeal, contributes Ten Yen annually to the local Society.

The Missionary Societies on the Seoul District have sent one half of their funds for the African work and are using the other half in the villages of the District, while the Cul-won circuit has given one tenth to Africa and uses the remainder at home. The Society in Choonchun has chosen a Bible School student and placed her in a heathen village.

In Songdo there is a Society in the Holston Institute and in Mary Helm School as well as in each of the three local Churches. The Songdo District had selected two women who were to have gone out to heathen villages in in April after their study in the Bible School, but the political conditions interfered with these plans as it did with the holding of District and Annual Meetings this year though the Seoul District did hold two Meetings.

As a rule it is the members of the Missionary Society who keep flowers in the Church, visit the sick, help bury the dead and preach from house to house, and it is conspicuous that those who give most liberally in the Missionary Society pay the most to all Church Collections.

STATISTICS.

District	No. of Societies	No. of Members	Contribution
Seoul	37	424	Yen 261.07
Choon Chun	14	183	117.37
Songdo	33	339	243.09
Wonsan	32	190	145.08
	110	1136	Yen 766.61

The Mother.

A Real Tragedy of the Orient.

By MRS. EDITH F. MCRAE.

Morning in the land of Morning Calm! Winter sunrise among the Great Mountains of Chosen! Any attempt to describe the beauty of this picture to those who have never beheld must ever seem an exaggeration. The charm of the East must continue to be wrapped in mystery to the uninitiated. Only in person can the veil be drawn revealing the glory, beyond brush or pen to depict.

See yonder the nude volcanic hills, incomparable in all the richness of their vivid greens and browns. Look beyond where stretch range after range, a jumble of bare and jagged peaks shading, like all Asiatic hills, into the most *exquisite* tints of rose, and purple, and grey, here and there a sacred tree, like a lone sentinel, standing out vividly against the sky, Higher yet! Calling to man for adoration, grand and wonderful, tower the wild majestic mountains broken as the teeth of a saw, glistening like carven marble in the brilliant sunshine or softening into pearly shadows.

Then down about the feet of these splendid monarchs, rolling mile upon mile into the blue haze of the sea, lie the plains, cut by winding rivers, the smoke of morning fires serving to indicate the innumerable villages, whose thatch-roofed mud huts are invisible to the naked eye; Koreans in their white robes flitting hither and thither on the landscape.

But it is not with the scenery nor yet particularly with the people we are concerned.

One of the wildest parts of the greatest mountain is our stage, and the actors—Hark! A scream! An answering wail! O! The dreadful cold and the still more terrible hunger! What can be detaining the source of both food and warmth from these two shivering, starving babies? Huddled together they lie, their great heads and comparatively minute bodies twisting in their vain efforts to obtain the accustomed comforts. Soosakie is the larger and stronger and every little while, anger burning within him, he gives vent to one of his ear-splitting shrieks, his open jaws threatening to engulf poor wee Amsakie who in turn adds her feebler wail to the chorus. But only the echoes answer.

The proud beautiful mother, Omie, who the previous morning, having fed and washed her babies, and put in order her own magnificent winter coat of stripped yellow and black fur, had gone forth in quest of food, has not yet returned.

Omie is not very old, but she is large and powerful. Born and bred in these wonderful mountains of North Korea, fear is to her as yet an unknown sensation.

Deprived of their fire-arms by the Japanese after the Russo-Japan War, the Koreans have perforce given Omie her freedom, allowing her to roam at will. And well she has used her privileges. Visiting the mountain villages many a fat calf and many a hideous razor-back pig waiting to adorn some wedding-feast or pot of vermicelli, has found its way to Omie's house for Soosakie's and Amsakie's benefit; more than once, too, a plump little man-

child with yellow skin and almond-eyes, has disappeared from the door of a thatch-roofed mud cottage, and, like the calf and the pig, became part of Omie's menu. Tradition says for each of these Omie's ear must have a slit. Yet Omie roamed and grew fat and sleek, the wonderful coat becoming yellower and blacker and richer, and softer, reaching its perfection as the days grow colder and the snow deeper.

But a surprise is in store for Omie. Down on the plain, where tigers seldom venture, is a city, a great reeking, buzzing, (we dare hardly say busting) Eastern City. Within its walls men in white robes, black gauzy hats, and long hair done up in a top-knot, do about what all the world does, reason together, and fight and work, and laze, and smoke and eat, and try to earn their rice.

Now in An Chang Naal's rice the white grains are few and the yellow grains all too many, which, being interpreted, means that An has to eat millet instead of rice, and so must tighten his belt all the sooner after meals. An was once a hunter, who, after shooting some big game, had been able to sit down on his hot mud floor all the rest of the year and smoke his pipe, eat good white rice as he felt inclined, don his silken overcoat and spend a few hours giving his friends advice. But now alas! Without fire-arms how can a hunter hunt? And An's belt has usually to be kept pretty tight.

At length, through a white-skinned, yellow-haired foreigner, a "Canadian" they called him he heard of a powerful trap made in America by means of which tigers, leopards, and wolves can be caught.

To be sure they do say this queer foreigner carries off little children, takes out their eyes and ears and tongue for medicine, *or to eat*, perhaps. But is not An a hunter? So An is brave.

He does have a queer shiver run down his back when first he faces the foreigner and sees for the first time the terrible piercing blue eye, he has a wild hysterical desire to cover his face and scream. He wants to blurt out "Oh yes I did! I stole Kim's pretty wife, and poisoned Pak's dog, and smothered my baby because she was a girl, and threw stones at my mother." An wanted to tell the awful eyes this, and then run away *far* where he could never see them again! But he didn't, he pulled his straggling beard and waited, waited until the sight of the foreigner became bearable.

There is no reason on earth why, if the foreigner *is* queer, if he can be of any use to one, one should not use him, so An stayed, and came again and again. He received many things unexpected and wonderful; but *that* is another story. The coveted trap was one result of his bravery. The great steel death-trap with its shining jaws. Off with the silken overcoat, lay aside the frail hat and spotless white kid sandals! An is a hunter again and off for the mountains of Chang-gin, up where the deep snow lies far into the summer, for even in the hazy, lazy Orient, whose millions match our thousands, connected in our minds with palpitating heat and teeming life, even here are the trackless mountains buried in snow for months of the year, the home of tigers, leopards, panthers, wild-cats, wild-boars, soft-eyed deer of many varieties, and in their wake, the pitiless wolves.

Thither hies An with his terrible steel death, and *this* is the surprise in store for Omie, the beautiful Mother in search of food for herself and her babes. Her scent leads her. Softly, swiftly she runs to her fate. A snap, a roar, and Omie is a prisoner. She has often heard of demons and their frightful machinations. But *this!* Omie ceases her first frantic struggles, and in her own wise way examines conditions. Her right hind leg is a prisoner in the embrace of this demon, which, in turn, seems to be the prey of wooden stakes driven deep into the ground. One try with her teeth assures Omie that, like all other demons, this one cannot be destroyed, frantic at the thought of her off-spring, alone and hungry, she resolves to release the demon and carry it with

her. *Anything* to reach her little ones. The effort of dragging up great stakes driven deep into frozen ground she knows will need miraculous strength. At it! Great brave heart. With Soosakie's wail in your ears great things are to be accomplished. What puny man can *do*, you can *undo* to reach. The shivering babies, "Stout heart" and "Stae Brae" are unknown words to you, Omie, but your spirit is none the less fine. At it! Omie, one, then another! The impossible has been accomplished and Omie is free. With a bound she leaps for her young, dragging the steel demon still pinching and torturing her great limb. Soosakie and Amsakie fed and warmed, and her body rested as well as the awful pain will allow the brave one goes forth with her enemy to begin her terrible struggle.

Amsakie, poor frail little Amsakie, her hunger satisfied curls up and sleeps! but Soosakie interested in his Mother's affairs waddles after her to the struggle. And O! That battle who can picture! First one tooth is torn out, then another, and another until almost all are gone. Then she attacks the monster with her claws, but they in turn are torn out.

And now what does Omie hear? What scent reaches her delicate Nostrils? It is the *Manscent.* She ceases her struggles with the demon and seizing Soosakie in her torn bleeding fangs, she bounds away over the snow, the trap dangling still to the tortured limb. But Omie's brave spirit is to be overcome at last. A root in her path, the trap catches, and Omie's hind-leg is broken. Still she struggles on till a rifle-ball ends her agony. What of Soosakie? Brave son of a brave mother. Every hair of his tiny stripped body standing on end, with a roar he faces his enemies, his great head in the air and his eyes blazing with inborn hate, another ball ends his short life, for even Soosakie the tiger-cub would rather die than be taken alive.

On finding his precious American trap gone, An had hastened to the nearest mountain village, where a small company of Japanese soldiers were stationed to guard against insurrections, the mountains as in days gone-bye being the favourite resort of insurgents.

An beside himself pleads with the soldiers to come with their rifles and follow the thief of the trap.

What could better please the active, restless young Japanese! Off to the mountains with An, following Omie's tracks. Yet five days of hard travel pass before they overtake her, and the rifle-ball finds the mother-heart.

And now, alas for An! His trap had been set without a license from the new government, and both Omie's body and the steel-death are confiscated to be sold for public benefit. So down they go from the mountains, across the plain to the City where for days and weeks Omie stands the cynosure of all three almond-eyed races. But it is only the queer white foreigner with the blue eyes who feels the real pathos of Omie's death, and, paying the price for her body, carries it home and tells his children of the brave Mother. "Crazy foreign fools! See them weep over the torn mouth and broken limb!" Thus saith the yellow man, and what of you? A *heroine*, you say? Yea more, a *martyr*; an example of maternal devotion and self-sacrificing love unexcelled in the history of man or beast. Her tawny coat pierced by Japanese bullets, has gone to Canada and is all that is left of Omie. Dare we wonder, "What of her spirit?"

My First Refugee.

By Miss D. M. Battles.

Our refugee came in from the interior of Siberia with an American Y. M. C. A. man. They arrived in Harbin on Sunday noon, and since they had twenty-four hours to wait the Y. M. C. A. man went to the American barracks, and the little lady was brought to the Red Cross headquarters.

She was such a little lady that it hardly seemed possible that she could have gone through such blood-curdling experiences. Our refugee was an English governess. She taught English to two children in a millionaire Russian family in Orenburg, Russia. We were eating when she arrived at the home so we asked her to sit down, she apologized profusedly for her soiled clothes, and when she saw the white bread, she picked up a piece, and turned it over and over. She begged to be excused, but said she simply could not take her eyes off it. They had lived on black bread so long that it hardly seemed possible that there could be such a thing as white bread.

As she told us her tale, she stopped from time to time to ask such question as. "Is this August or September?" "What day is it?" The poor child had been three weeks on the way, and when after dinner we said we would have the boy prepare a bath she clapped her hands and said "Is it true that I can have a bath?"

At the beginning of the war the gentleman of the family in which she taught ran away so that he would not have to enter the army and his whereabouts were unknown. The Madam, a nervous little lady, was left with the two children and a large house.

Across the street from the wealthy lady's home was a large liquor factory. One evening the Cossack soldiers stationed in the city became restless and unruly, and seized with a thirst for liquor broke into the factory. Such a scene that followed, soldiers and some of the people of the city rushed to the place carrying buckets, pitchers, bottles and wash-tubs to get liquor. There was a mad race, even the liquor that ran out into the street was scooped up with all its dirt and drunk. This awful scene was made more terrible by fire breaking out.

Madam, fear-stricken by the scene and not knowing but what the wild mob might attack them, ordered the horses hitched and fled from that part of the city. As they drove off they were fired at from behind. After three days the fire ceased and they returned, the factory was left in a charred mass, parts of human bodies were to be seen strewn about and naked corpses were lying around. Men drunk with liquor had fallen in the street and frozen to death, and greedy plunderers had stolen the clothes from the dead bodies.

Before Christmas 1917 the Bolsheviki surrounded Orenburg, rumors went abroad that they were going to enter the city, so the people prepared to escape, and for two months slept with a bundle beside their beds ready to go. Under the sound of the firing cannon there was great excitement and suspense everywhere, and finally the first of February the Bolsheviki entered the city. Madam with her family and servants fled with the Cossack army, dressed as peasants and lived in a peasant home.

The Bolsheviki opposing the wealthy entered and sacked the city, especially the rich homes and banks. The working class they left untouched, also the English. Knowing that the English governess would be unmolested the Madam had her carry her jewels and money about her neck. After remaining in the peasant home for ten days, they learned the

ladies were not touched so returned to their home.

The Bolsheviki held the city and one day Madam received orders to vacate the home within twelve hours, with a threat to burn all that was left behind. Madam again escaped with her family and servants to a Tartar house and lived in two rooms. Her home a beautiful site, overlooking the city was seized, cannon were set up, and the walls of one room knocked out and a machine gun put in.

After the Bolsheviki took the city the Cossacks surrounded it, stopped all trains from entering and hoped to starve them out. The Bolsheviki held the city for five months. While there was a scarcity of things the people of the town never really wanted for food. The Cossacks entered the city from time to time and skirmishes took place in the streets, and they lived continually under the sound of guns. During one of the raids a Russian nurse tried to bind up the wounds of a Cossack soldier and was shot down.

At this time the little governess found it necessary to leave her position. The cause that necessitated her leaving was the jealousy caused by the complicated love affair of her Madam. Madam with all her wealth had not lived a happy life, so after her husband disappeared she fell in love with her chauffeur, and also a Cossack officer. The Madam did not wish to send letters by the chauffeur so from time to time the little governess carried her Madam's messages to the Cossack officer. After some time the officer was arrested and on him were found Madam's letters, and she also was arrested. However they gave her the privilege of raising 50,000 roubles or being shot. She was able to produce the money in due time so escaped death. The governess knew that her name had been used in the letter, because Madam always told the officer where to meet the governess, so seeing that her life was in danger, that is she might be taken for a spy, she took steps to get out of the city. She went to the American Consul, and he put her in the charge of a Y. M. C. A. man who took her to Vladivostock. From there she hoped to start a hunt for her brother for whom she had not received any message for eighteen months. It was later learned that this same brother was sending out letters in search of her and they have probably been united again by now.

Girls' Industrial Work

In the Southern Presbyterian Mission.

By Mrs. Lois H. Swinehart.

When upon furlough in America I found a very ready sale for the articles made by the girls of our schools in the student aid departments. Friends who are interested in missionaries and missions are always glad to purchase these articles to use as gifts, or for sentimental reasons. Some of the work however, is bought for its own intrinsic value.

While the marketing of our student aid work in such a way is comparatively easy, this method can never develope into a real industrial work. We must reach out into some kind of hand-work that will find a *wholesale* market in America. The women of China, Japan, the Phillipines, Syria, India and the Madeira Islands, as well as the women of Europe are sending vast quantities of hand work to America, and in spite of the duty demanded, are finding a ready sale for it.

As yet, to my knowledge, we have not succeeded in introducing any kind of work in Korea that can be marketed without the direct aid of the missionary.

The women of Belgium, of France, of Germany, of Ireland, who have been the real lace makers of the world, will have to till the

fields of those devastated and war worn countries for years, perhaps, and now is the opportunity for the woman of the Orient to supply the demand for real lace in America.

As I have studied the situation, we must introduce among the women and girls of Korea the making of real fillet, torchon, and Cluny laces. To do this, we shall have to import instructors from other countries, perhaps from China. We shall have to study materials, methods and markets in a way we have never attempted before.

It is a foregone conclusion that in introducing the making of real lace in our mission schools the work will have to be subsidized, but this is no new thing to us, we all know we are doing it now. What we ought to do, however, is to look to the future of our girls and their work, and prepare them to do some kind of hand-work that will some day meet a local market (perhaps through native merchants, as is the case in China) so that when God calls us home, our works will not follow us.

When in America I found a woman who will act as distributing agent for the whole Southern Presbyterian mission, and thereby our marketing problems will be much simplified. We plan to handle all of the work from our four girls' schools through this agent in America, and the local agent in Kwangju.

By this method the industrial worker at this end will find her hands free for other more important work, and we believe much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth will be spared.

Is it Worth While to Train Korean Nurses?

BY MRS. THERESA LUDLOW.

Never before in the history of the Severance hospital training school has the future been as bright as it is at the present time. With our splendid staff of foreign nurses the pupils will receive a better training and the patients better care.

The native nursing profession in Korea is not what it was a few years ago. Then, we had to select our candidates from ignorant, illiterate, deserted wives and widows who were usually homeless. Now our educated young women, with the definite purpose in their hearts to help their fellow Koreans, are coming to us, seeking the nursing profession as a life work.

At the beginning of the recent political trouble we had in our Women's Academy a graduating class of fine bright students. The school was closed just as these young women were about to receive their diplomas. They immediately entered the hospital to assist in the care of their wounded countrymen. Now ten of these girls have definitely decided to continue their training as nurses and are doing splendid work. We now have forty pupil nurses in training as bright as those in the average hospital in America.

That the standard of efficiency is being raised, one has only to read the following concrete example.

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago an emergency case came into the hospital. The surgeon decided that an immediate operation would save the man's life. He gave the orders and in exactly twenty minutes, both operating room and patient had been prepared, the operation performed, the patient back in his bed and the doctor out of the hospital on his way to Korean church. A few years ago had the same order been given there would have been a scattering of nurses, hither and thither, losing their heads completely and the doctor losing his patience and perhaps his patient.

During the recent trouble the nurses worked long hours, much longer than they had ever worked, without time for rest or recreation. There were no complaints, they seemed embued with the spirit of giving themselves

for others and worked untiringly. Not only has the standard of efficiency been raised but the spiritual side as well. The nurses are showing a more Christ-like spirit toward their coworkers and patients. Many a patient has gone from the hospital healed in body and in soul, saying as he left that he was returning to his village to tell the glad tidings to all. One dear old lady remarked when asked if she had ever heard about Christianity in her village. "Yes she had heard about it a long time ago but she did not know that it was like this" and she too wished to believe in Jesus. With such little incidents as these the training of Christian Korean nurses is certainly worth while and can be counted all joy.

The Kindergarten at Yun Mot Kol.

By Miss Katherine Wambold.

Perhaps it would not be out of place for this copy of the "K. M. F." to write of a Kindergarten carried on at one time by the Presbyterian Mission in Seoul on the Yun Mot Kol compound, and especially of its teacher, You Kak Kyung. After graduating from the Women's Academy when Mrs. Genso was principal she, with another girl Pak Yang Moo, went to attend the Union Women's College in Peking, (a union of five missions) where they spent four years, and where they learned to speak Chinese and English. Pak Yang Moo took a special course in Music, but You Kak Kyung took the Kindergarten Course. Comparing the books and the courses there with those of Mrs. W.J. Scheifley, graduate of an American Kindergarten, we found they were exactly the same.

The days spent in Peking were very happy ones for our two Korean girls. Two delightful English people, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, were so kind as to take care of the girls on the journey to Peking. The girls, even now, though each one is married, and occupied with the joys of a young family, write to Mrs. Walker, and she sends letters and Christmas gifts. The Chinese girls in the school were wonderfully sweet to them, showering them with attentions, loaning them clothing, sharing sweets and fruit, inviting to their homes for holidays, etc.

On returning to Seoul after being graduated, a Kindergarten was begun at Yun Mot Kol in the lower floor of the old dormitories formerly occupied by the Women's Academy, the upper floor of which is occupied by Miss Wambold.

In May, 1915, the Kindergarten began with twelve pupils, and when it closed in 1917, because of the marriage of the teacher, You Kak Kyung, it had fifty-six pupils. One young girl assisted, more girls than boys attended. Many of the children came from very poor homes. No fees were required. The children were very happy with games, singing, a few Chinese characters and *Unmun* and such hand-work as weaving, drawing, clay-modeling, paper-cutting, etc. Twice a year, at Thanksgiving and Christmas, the mothers were invited to an exhibition and tea party. Several times, to entertain and instruct women at the country classes, we had some of the Kindergarten folk give several numbers. The women were so delighted they would all jump to their feet to see and hear. Shortly after the first time these Kindergarten babies performed for the country women, I went to the country for a series of classes, and everywhere, when I asked what new hymn they wished to learn, they would demand that Kindergarten classic "This is the way we wash the clothes!" The Korean translation is prettier than the English, many think.

The Kindergarten was very popular with the children. One child teased his father for three months to be allowed to go till the poor man at last succumbed, and the boy came with shining face, rejoicing. The finances were furnished by Mrs. Genso and Miss Margo Lee Lewis and their American friends. We are hoping to have some young Korean women graduate from Miss Brownlee's well organized training school in connection with the M. E. Mission. In fact, we have further hopes to be able to join in an union with that institution in the future.

The Kindergarten at Songdo.

By Miss Ellasue Wagner.

The tenth of last April the first Kindergarten ever opened in Songdo was organized. The decision had been made two years before to develop this work as soon as possible and four promising young women were sent from the class of 1916 to the Kindergarten Training School of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Seoul at Ewa Haktang. They completed the prescribed course of study last March. In the meanwhile we had been making what preparations we could for opening this work in three centres in this city, in connection with each of our three churches. Money was limited, equipment expensive and difficult to get; nevertheless, with the few things we could afford—an organ, tables, mats instead of chairs, a few sets of blocks and plenty of bright paper and scissiors—a small fraction of what the Kindergarten Magazine gave as necessary for a beginning—, the teachers set to work with this limited equipment in most enthusiastic work.

It has been wonderful to watch the progress of these babies; even in these four months their development has been amazing and one who has even a small idea of school-room management will be easily convinced by one morning's visit to these Kindergartens that this is one of the best pieces of educational work we are doing. The training received along spiritual lines; the prayers they lisp; the beautiful songs of Jesus' love; the Bible stories told in the most interesting way by the reverent teacher, who will say that this is not also evangelistic work of the purest type? Yes, we believe that to many non-Christian homes these little ones are unconsciously carrying the blessed story of the Cross.

We have had and are still having a hard pull against the opposition of ignorance. The old-time Korean knows nothing of child psychology and cares less; to him the only thing worth learning is the "kul," or Chinese characters, and the supreme and only reason for attending school was to learn this "kul." The parents had no idea of what a Kindergarten might be except that it was some kind of a well advertized, new-fangled school for little children.

They were very much disappointed when they found that there was no place in it for the Chinese classics. The fact that they are just babies under school age makes no difference to them. We knew that this was to be expected, however, and are quite confident that the work is winning its way. If you pass the Kindergarten any hour of the morning you will see the doors and windows filled with interested spectators. These visitors may fail to see aught of educational value in these pretty games, songs and exercises, but they never fail to see the bright eyes and the eager happy faces, and to know that the children love it. After all that is the winning card, for mothers are much alike the world over and the thing which brings delight and pleasure to their children will find its way to their hearts also.

The Women's Section of Foreign Committee for Korean Relief.

By Mrs. E. M. Cable.

The cry of human needs meets a ready response in the hearts of men and women the world over.

When the foreign community of Seoul learned of the burning of the many Korean villages near Suwon by the Japanese soldiers, thereby rendering nearly 1,600 people homeless and destitute, a call came for immediate relief.

The Seoul foreign community was called together and organized for Korean Relief Work, and funds subscribed for its immediate use. A Women's Work Committee was ap-

pointed with Mrs. Ludlow as Chairman to cooperate with the General Organization in supplying clothing and other necessities.

The American Red Cross Rooms were loaned as headquarters for this special Relief Work.

This committee purchased bolts of muslin and secured capable Korean women to cut out the various garments. The Korean women from the different churches gladly volunteered their services in making the clothing.

The cut garments were given out to different groups of Korean women in various parts of the city, each group supervised by the foreign ladies of Seoul.

Such an earnest, enthusiastic lot of needle women at work was never seen before. They were so glad to cooperate in this way and felt that they were helping to relieve their fellow countrymen in their distress. It brought out the very best in them.

Besides cutting and making garments for the needy this committee also purchased quilts, baby blankets, socks, towels, soap, thread, needles and scissors. The garments were all packed in boxes and shipped to the different centers for distribution by a committee appointed for that purpose.

Besides giving of their time in making and cutting the garments, many women brought in second hand clothing, dishes, spoons, cooking utensils and other things that they could spare from their own homes.

All scraps of cloth and old worn out garments were used in packing and found a ready use upon their arrival as not even a rag did any of the people have to wash their faces or their dishes.

After a few garments, needles and thread and scissors had been sent to each home, the women of the villages said, "you have been so good to give us not only clothing ready made, but thread and needles, if you will give us cloth we can now make our own clothes and save you the trouble of making them for us." The committee then purchased and sent a bolt of summer goods to each home and the women made up their own garments.

It was our privilege to visit a few of the villages as the things were distributed. The sad faces began to brighten and a new hope was written there. Words failed them as they tried to thank us, but their faces spoke volumes. We told them not to thank us, but God, who put this spirit of helpfulness, kindness, sympathy and love into the hearts of men.

The further work of this Women's Work Committee will be taken up again this fall and we hope to provide some of the necessary clothing for winter use.

The following is a list of things supplied by this Work Committee. This does not include the articles supplied by the General Committee.

305 blankets,	306 pairs socks.
51 baby blankets,	312 bars of soap.
50 pairs scissors,	235 towels.
24 boxes of thread,	81 bowls.
400 skeins Korean thread,	1 cooking kettle,
1,374 made garments,	27 spoons.
316 bolts of cloth,	3 sets chopsticks.
100 garments bought ready made.	

Notes and Personals.

We are glad to welcome the following missionaries back from furlough:

Northern Presbyterian Mission. Dr. Follwell returned to Pyengyang.

Canadian Presbyterian Mission. Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Robb appointed to Hamheung.

British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hobbs have returned to Seoul from England. In February, 1918 Mr. Hobbs volunteered for military service and helped in the conducting of a contingent of Chinese coolies from China to France as well as in their superintendence there. He also took his training in England as an officer as was commissioned as Second Lieutenant.

The following missionaries have recently gone on furlough:

Canadian Presbyterian Mission. Rev. L. L. Young and children.

Southern Methodist Mission. Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Gerdine and Miss L. E. Nichols.

To the Rev. J. V. N. Talmage of the *Southern Presbyterian Mission* at Kwangju a boy, David was born on Sept. 15th.

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Old Ideals and New Impulses, By Rev. W. Y. Fullerton. Author of "Life's Dusty Way," Cloth 3s. 6d. net (Postage 4d).

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FAILURE AND RECOVERY.

By Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M. A. Author of "The Eyes of His Glory." Cloth 2s. 6d. net (Postage 4d).

"There is no man who has not tasted the bitter waters of failure . . . there is no Christian who may not taste of the brimming wine cup of recovery." *Preface.*

Just Published.

FOR ENGLAND'S HONOUR.

By Albert Lee. Author of "At His Country's Call," etc. Cloth 7s. 6d. net (Postage 6d).

A Thrilling Story for Boys. H. M. the King has graciously accepted a copy. H. R. H. Princess Alice wrote to the author to express her delight in his books.

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By A. D. Stewart. Author of "Heather and Peat," etc. Cloth 6s. net (Postage 5d).

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A Life of our Lord for men of Today. By P. Whitewell Wilson. Cloth 7s. 6d. net (Postage 7d).

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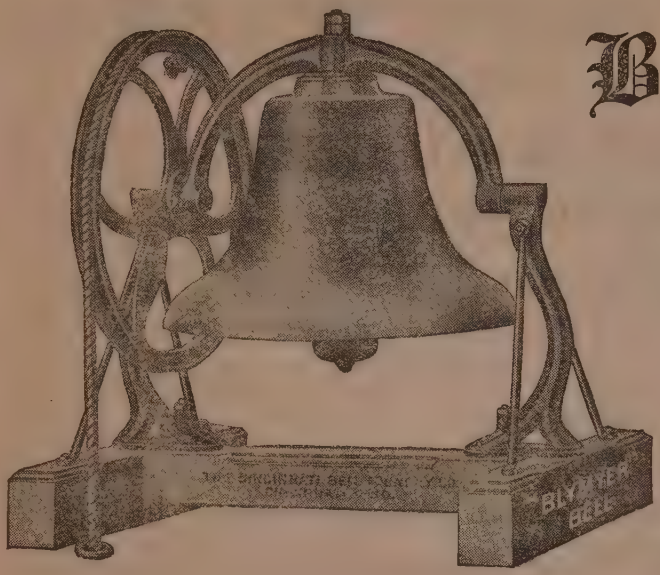

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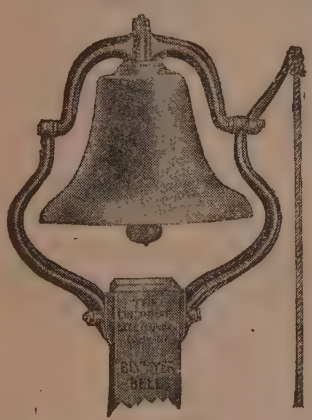

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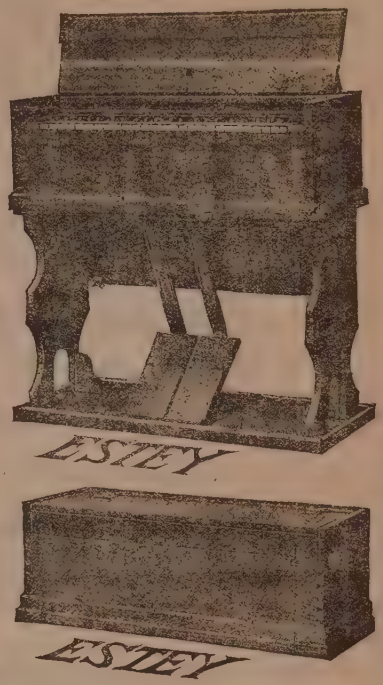

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